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ORIENTAL

AMUSING, INSTRUCTIVE, AND MORAL

LITERARY DIALOGUES;

COMPRISING THE

LOVE AND DISAPPOINTMENT

OF

A TURK OF RANK IN THE CITY OF WASHINGTON.

By CHRISTOPHORUS PLATO CASTANIS,

OF SCIO, GREECE.

Author of an Essay on the Ancient and Modern Greek Languages ; Interpretations
of the Attributes of the Principal Fabulous Deities ; The Greek Captive ;
The Jewish Maiden of Scio Citadel ; and the Greek Boy
in the Sunday School.

BOSTON :
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## PERSONS OF THE DIALOGUES.

SOPHOLOGIOTATOPANTACHOUFERIPLANOMENOS (Greek).

TENBEL EFFENDI . . . . . (Turk).

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The plot of the first Dialogue is as follows : A Turk of noble family visiting Washington, meets a Greek, one of the survivors of the Sacred Band ; a spirited dispute arises at the reception of the news of the battle of Navarino (1827). After a warm debate on politics, the Turk details his adventures in the American social circles, and ends with an amusing and pathetic love-story, told with the simplicity of an unsophisticated Osmanlie.

Plot of the second Dialogue. The same Turk, several years after, meets the Greek under the portico of the Parthenon ; he is recognized, and, at the Greek's request, details the sequel of his love adventure in America. The Turk had frequented the universities of Europe, and is no more a simple Osmanlie, but a Platonic Turk. A philological discussion takes place on the pronunciation of the Greek language, and terminates in a warm deliberation how they can republicanise Turkey, and unite it with the Greece of the Greeks.

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NOTE. — These Dialogues were composed one year before the late revolutions of Europe took place.

# DIALOGUES.

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## THE GREEK SOLILOQUISING.

### FIRST DIALOGUE.

*Scene in Washington City.*

GREEK (soliloquising). Here I am, at last, brought to the Capital of the New World? Oh fickle fortune; Oh my luckless nation! You first cast me on Olympus, among the lightning-rent crags of nature! There Freedom kept me till the trumpet-call of Mars summoned her warriors to the plains of Thrace. Out of the three hundred of my comrades, of the Sacred Band, who fell the first martyrs to seal the freedom of their country, I am one of the few, who, buried in their blood and covered by their holy corpses, wounded and senseless, were brought to life by Heaven and the benevolence of man. Sweet, sweet indeed, was the death of those who fell in Freedom's behalf, for urged by the proud blood, that flowed in their veins, and having imbibed the teachings of their glorious progenitors, that a Greek must be free, like a band of Spartans they attacked the myriads of Turks beyond the Danube, and hastened their precious lives to the realms where patriots are destined! Thus abandoned by fortune, I became a wanderer. Disguised, I traversed merciless Austria—I entered the hospitable German States; penetrated generous France; reached powerful England, and there my country entrusted me with a heavy charge, and hastened me to the free shores of America.

The prospect before me is the realization of Plato's Dream of Atlantis. The institutions of America,

thronging in their sublimity and beauty, dazzle my vision, like the vesture of ancient Greek magnificence. The mantle of Hellenian glory has fallen here; but what were all those forms worth, if soul was wanting to identify the American popular sway with the Greek democratic policy? Nothing, absolutely nothing! America might have been filled, like Italy, with Greek splendor of *form*, but remained dead in *spirit*! There has been a resurrection of the pure Athenian idea of popular government, based on tolerance, industry and knowledge! Those columns, porticoes and domes before me, belong to the people whose delegates draw closer and closer the bonds of the modern Amphyc-tyonic league.

How altered are the relations of my country to the world! Two thousand years ago, Greece was the centre of human energy and thought, now she is the sufferer of insult from the inhuman policy of the West and the tyranny of the East. She is battling against her despots, where with her look and her tone she anciently awed the world. Egyptians then were her porters, now they slay her children. Turks and Scythians were once her tributaries, now they are in her citadels. Gauls and Britons at one period sent their kings to prostrate themselves before the Greek Emperor, but lo! we are empireless, and struggling for a home! Liberty has been driven to the New World, reserved by Providence as the Armageddon of Grecian policy. Plato need no longer dream of an Atlantis, far beyond the seas. Here, five thousand miles from home, I see what the spirits of my ancestry have been doing, during the distress of my country. Every column and every slab bear the stamp of a *primeval* mind, moving a universe of popular elements! These United States, like *stars*, in their orbits and transits emit the sphere-music which celebrates their deliverance from chaotic European despotism.

Such prospects contribute courage and hope for my final consolation. The words of sympathy heard in the halls of the Common Council of this people will

be audible in the fate of my country. The echoes of such tones cannot die. They are superhuman, and defy the expanse of ocean to check their restoration to their earliest field of promise, "the first garden of Liberty tree!" The mental Heraclidæ will return to the Peloponnessus. Minerva will resume the sovereignty of Attica. Shall Greece remain enslaved? No! let her become the America of the Old World! — Hark! What is the confusion without? Some important news has arrived.

*Turk*, aside. (Enters bearing a journal.) What a restless mind these Greeks have! Sometimes they talk to themselves; at other times they are so occupied with their thoughts, heavenly and terrestrial, that their sight is obscured; they cannot see material objects, until they are forcibly roused from their reveries (touching him). Hey! friend Philologist, Sophologiotatopantachouperiplanomenos! Good morning.

*Greek*. Ah! ha! Tenbel Effendi, good morning. What's the news? There must be some, for your pipe and coffee have never before permitted you to call on me so early. You look joyous from beard to slipper; I fear you are not a propitious messenger. What is the news?

*T*. I don't know what, (handing him the newspaper,) here it is painted, please give it to me in Turkish. The Americans speak so fast, that I have not been able to get at the sense of their conversation, which is full of Navarino, Turks, Franks, England, France and Russia. This paper was thrown into my room at five o'clock, by a person whom I was too stupified by sleep to see. Do give me the Turkish.

*G*. Let me first peruse the original by myself.

*T*. (Aside.) Has the Sultan pardoned the rebels, and peace been restored? If so, I shall rejoice, for I love peace, and I show it when I go to battle, by the promptness and courage with which I finish the disagreeable business of killing. Nothing less than peace could cause this boisterous joy among these Demo-

cratic infidels. (Aloud.) Let us hear what the news really is.

G. Wait a moment, Tenbel Effendi, (lively) wait a moment.

T. For your Gospel's sake, explain to me, in Turkish, what do this people give me to understand about Navarino, as my drogman (interpreter,) is not present.

G. Raise your turban from your ears and give an ear to what this paper says. (Reads.) "During six years our columns have presented bulletins to the anxious minds of the philanthropist, the scholar and the Christian, respecting the struggles of Greece, the mother of science, liberty and lore. We have detailed the immense sacrifices made by her sons and daughters on the altar of nationality. The myriads of innocent Sciots and Cydonians, slaughtered by the faithless and barbarous Turk, have distressed the friends of civilization, throughout the globe. (Here T. pulls his beard.) The heroic actions of the Suliotes, Hydriotes, Spartans and Rumeliotes, have excited the wonder of statesmen and philosophers. The millions of Greeks, sacrificed in massacre, in battle and in the explosions of fortresses and ships, have not been without influence in moving reluctant monarchs to pay a pompous and decisive tribute to liberty. The event which we announce, is the expression of Europe's gratitude to the land which gave to her the light of civilization. England, France and Russia have annihilated the Egyptian and Turkish fleet. By the providence of God, the squadrons of Barbaric power have been concentrated in the harbor of Navarino. The Allied Powers, to arrest the tortures inflicted on innocent women and children by the murderous minions of the Turkish despot, sealed Grecian independence in the blood of five thousand Turks and Egyptians. (Here the Turk presses his lips and pulls his beard.) The news of this deliverance has enlivened every land, where Hellenic lore

and law have gained a footing. Navarino is the Salamis of this age of Grecian light!" —

Merciful Heaven! I thank thee that my unfortunate country has been relieved from the scourge of Mohammedanism! I thank thee, O Lord of battles, that this planet displays a residue of solid compassion, ready and effective at this last crisis!

*T.* (holding his beard.) Thus the Christians — I despise their faith — flatter us with *one* hand and assault us with the *other*! Perfidious Franks! The Russians have exhibited contempt for treaties and broken the law of nations. They sent us gold to pay for extirpating their correlative religionists, and now they have sent us sulphur and iron to pay us death for our alliance! How inconsistent are all infidel governments! Notwithstanding the faithless character of Christian kings, I cannot conceive why the tolerant American republicans should sympathize with the Greeks, who are protected by monarchies. How can democrats sympathize with the pets of royalty?

*G.* This sympathy is not with men, but with principles.

*T.* But what do Americans know of the Greeks, being so far removed, and having almost no communication with them? Why do the backwoodsmen congratulate your country for her success?

*G.* My answer may be traced in the outlines of yonder Capitol. That edifice suggests a Grecian reminiscence. Its columns represent the masts of the victorious Athenians at Salamis; its domes remind one of the pavilion of Xerxes.

*T.* What pride or enthusiasm can Americans derive from Greek reminiscences? Are the natives of this country descended from Greeks?

*G.* No. Their genealogy is of that noble kind, which depends not upon the material succession of bodies. The American minds, by imbibing Grecian principles, have become initiated into that fraternity of thought, which binds the two nations together. This is a sublime brotherhood; this descent tran-

scends the boast of hereditary noblemen, and of those unprincipled knaves who appeal to heraldry for a sanction to their vices. They rejoice with the Greeks, at the Christian victory, gained at Navarino.

*T.* (Aside.) Unparalleled misfortune! Truly, I am cast among the worst of ghiaours! (ox-faithed.) How does the Prophet greet the throng of Martyrs, rushing from Navarino? Alas! Since the days of Soliman, surnamed the Glory of Turkey, such a disaster has never befallen us. It is far, far more distressing than the overthrow of Bajazet, by Timur Leng. But let us submit humbly to the decree of Allah. It is criminal to curse Fate. (Kihsmet.) Musulman retrogradation is commenced. Would to Allah that I were at home to inspire my countrymen to roll back the tide of war upon Greece.

*G.* Grieve not, Son of Islam. It is not your race, but your tyrannical government, caused by your religion, which exposes your lives to Christian assault. Meditate not revenge, for it is too late.

*T.* (Aside.) How grating to my ear, is advice, given by a people four hundred years enslaved to our sway! How distressed I am, how I am tainted by the very scenery of America. The women bear on their heads the effigy of my disgrace, and flaunt before me their monstrous Navarino bonnets! Why this ridicule? were the Turks cowards, to have women personate them? The true Moslem never has bowed to a foe.

*G.* Pray, why, Tenbel Effendi, did you quit your country at this crisis, when the crescent is overshadowed by the cross?

*T.* Through a desire of seeing the seven climates of the Old World, and to act in accordance with a heavenly dream I had.

*G.* Is your Turkish globe round or flat?

*T.* Flat, indeed, with the exception of the mountains.

*G.* What gave rise to your astronomical and geographical excursion?

**T.** The dream I had. Methought I stood in the mosque of St. Sophia, amid an assembly of prophets, saints and martyrs. A thousand delightful perfumes, in succession flattered my senses. I kissed the hand of our great Prophet Mohammed; it smelt of roses and saffron. Abubekr, Aly and Othman embraced me, and thrilled me with the odor of jessamine, musk, carnations and oranges. I prostrated myself before Allah, and made my customary prayer for shifaat, that is "integrity," but stammering on the word I said riffaat, that is "traveling"! He had scarcely finished, when the congratulations of myriads of glorified Turks broke my slumber. I related my dream to the grand Mufti, to the chief astrologer, and lastly to the Sultan himself. They all counseled me to travel, in obedience to the divine injunction. It was determined that I should first visit this Yengi-dunia, (New World,) which the American linguists, corrupting the original Turkish word, call Yankee land. My charge was that of getting ratified the treaties.

**G.** What treaties? those which Decatur, by his bravery, caused the Algerines to sign?

**T.** The Sultan did not wish that his people should see the mouths of Decatur's cannon, and therefore, the Algerines were left to shift for themselves. One treaty which I wish to secure is, that American citizens, in Turkey, may be brought under Turkish jurisdiction, for debts.

**G.** Was that all your business?

**T.** Also to take notes of the country.

**G.** What notes? Do you intend to play the Dickens with this nation?

**T.** I intend to write what I please of a people that rejoices in the success of the Greek rebels, and is now endeavoring to open a commercial alliance with us!

**G.** As Mussulmans boast themselves lovers of justice, I hope you will give a faithful representation

of the nature of this Democracy. Any concealment of its benefits would be injustice.

*T.* Do you mean the government of the people?

*G.* I mean their flourishing state, produced as it is by their votes.

*T.* Why should I give any report of their political forms? Are the people the governors? Have the people a genius for politics?

*G.* Their representatives abide by the will of the majority.

*T.* It appears to me you are correct. I suspected that the majority ruled, although at first I imagined that the name Democracy, or people's power, was a mere catch-word. But can this term Democracy be pleasing to Allah, who styles himself King of Kings, and not King of the People?

*G.* You may rest assured that the people rule here. Mind, and not hereditary title, qualifies their leaders.

*T.* What of that?

*G.* Will you not, in Turkey, at least, proclaim their prosperity, a prosperity which depopulates the domains of the kings of Europe?

*T.* Proclaim the effect of such laws in Turkey. My head would leap from its shoulders. Besides, I think that the people ought not to govern; they should attend to their own business.

*G.* Turkey would flourish gloriously under a Democracy.

*T.* What? The Sublime Porte would flourish, if ruled by the people! ha, ha, ha! I should laugh to see the Divan listening to the dictates of the hair-brained Albanians, the scurvy Gypsies, the coarse Turkmans, the Bedouin scum of Syria, the banditti of Hourdistan, the dogworshipping Druses, and the Egyptian Fellahs! The mountain-backed Hamals, (porters) would throw down their packs, and with their caliced shoulders bolster the fate of Islam and Memaluke Alyè, (Sublime Realms.) Hah! hah! hah! This would never do. Let us not blaspheme.

Pray what were kings made for? See what harmony exists in hives where kings and queens rule. Are thrones and crowns mere playthings?

G. The time will soon come when freedom of thought will cause kings to be exhibited only in toyshops.

T. Spit in your bosom, for you use profane language. Seven years ago, you could not have used such monstrous blasphemy with impunity! Do you think that popular eloquence will drown the roar of the unmuzzled Lion of Stamboul? (Constantinople.)\*

G. Education begets eloquence, and now that Greece is free, its tones will ring about the frontier of your realm, teaching your subjects the advantages of freedom.

T. The scimeter will be used to the last as our point of argument, if we cannot use our tongues.

G. But that point of argument has just been blunted at Navarino. You cannot resharpen it against the diplomatic whetstone of Europe. The nations that use the sword will perish by the sword. Greece will surpass you in political intrigue. You have given her an inch, and soon she will snatch an ell. The Russians will also give you work to do. Watch their double-headed eagle.

T. Don't mention the word Russian, for your faith sake, I detest the Muscovites for their perfidy. I prefer to view the frown of a Greek to the glitter of a Muscovite bayonet.

G. The Russians will take Constantinople, according to a Turkish prophecy.

T. Never, the yellow-haired Ghiaours! 'Tis a vulgar prophecy, not sanctioned by inspiration. It is better that we fall beneath our legitimate foes, the Greeks; for there is more comfort in suffering from a time-sanctioned enemy, than to succumb to a northern upstart. Better be crushed by an olive

\* Stamboul is the abbreviation of the Greek sentence, εἰς τὴν πόλιν in the city.

branch than by an avalanche! The polar bear shall not bask in the crescent. Turkey lives yet. Earth trembles at the Navarino treachery. Allah, and Mohammed rouse the faithful to vengeance!

*G.* The eloquence of a taciturn people comes too late!

*T.* It speaks like lightning from the blackest cloud!

*G.* It madly strikes, without aim, and bruises itself in the earth. The flash of a cultivated mind does good execution.

*T.* As the thunderbolt of fallen Bajazet was resumed by the conqueror of Constantinople, so that of Mahmoud will find the arm of a future avenger.

*G.* There is no longer any hope for your nation. It arose to its acme and now approaches its fall. The progress of Christendom in invention has increased her warlike resources. She is able by her brazen pacificators to thunder law to your Sultan. Her superior education is her palladium. Minerva stands in view of the enlightened mind on the Athenian Acropolis, in all her mythic dignity! She has regained the ægis of her native sky! Jove's bolts echo about her domain to protect her sovereignty. Can the ignorant Turk oppose the progress of civilization eastward? Islamism and Christianity have had their final issue. Greece, thanks to heaven, is free, and the hammer of the universe has struck the fatal toll of Moslem supremacy!

*T.* How disagreeable to me is the idea of eloquence being substituted for the Sultan's nod! I like not loquacity. I am opposed to demagogues and sophists. The silent nod of an emperor has a sublimity which far surpasses all your Congress debates. Go and see the American senators and representatives. Where is their obsequiousness? where is their reverence for superiors? View them, beardless, as they are! dressed as they please; look at their attitudes, as they sit on their chairs! See their chief, who goes out or comes in unreverenced and often unnoticed, or

sneered at. This would not do in Turkey, nor in Europe, nor in any other part of the world. What sublimity is there in such legislative powers? The Americans and Greeks are wordy nations, and this evil arises undoubtedly from their laws. Their mob meddles too much with government affairs. It is not a Democracy, it is to me a perfect Demonocracy.

*G.* I see, Tenbel Effendi, you are too much excited in discussing politics, but remember we are not in Turkey, nor do you speak to an enslaved Greek. In this country the shield of argument is used, and not the sword's point. Take notes of what I tell you.

*T.* Really, I do n't see many swords here!

*G.* Swords, indeed, do not hang at the side of this people, in time of peace; but when the insult of a foreign power calls them to arms, they have nerves and swords enough to shine on the field of battle.

*T.* Let them come on horseback against us, if they like!

*G.* Let us sink this question, and take up a more agreeable topic for the sake of your journal. How do you like the society?

*T.* My confusion has been such that I cannot appreciate its advantages. The boldness of the ladies almost throws me off my guard.

*G.* Are you annoyed by their liberty and proximity?

*T.* Agreeably so. Their delicious breath has sometimes come so near me as to fan delicately the extremities of my beard. They approach often so nigh that their sighs mingle with mine, so that I have felt a kind of indescribable regard for an intelligent young lady, who complimented very emphatically my beard and mustache. She declared in very sweet tones, that she loved foreign looks.

*G.* That is rare. People here generally do not reverence the beard.

*T.* I never heard them swear by it, as Othmans do; but they stare at it as if it did not belong to a man. They are not aware how much mine has cost

me. Its existence is indeed invaluable to me, for it has periled my very purse.

*G.* How so? Are there Bedouin robbers ensconced in it?

*T.* No. The people, at a public procession, proceeding to listen to the speech of some orator, were attracted by my appearance. As I mingled with the crowd, some pickpockets, drones of the republican hive, endeavored to rifle my girdle. They succeeded; but luckily I had reserved a sum in my trunk, otherwise I should have been without resources. You hinted about Bedouin robbers, but these pickpockets are more unfeeling.

*G.* They are not unfeeling, but light-fingered; but you need not be so fast in condemning the Americans. Let me examine this paper. Here the police have advertised a purse bearing a Turkish inscription.

*T.* Mash Allah; how was that done? Did a Tartar catch him, or the magician's art betray him?

*G.* Neither! it was the magic impression of type!

*T.* Is he hanged or bastinadoed, or is he nailed by the ears, and exposed to public view for a warning?

*G.* Judgment here does not hasten to shed blood.

*T.* The customs and laws of this country will drive me crazy, if I do not, as soon as possible, quit this climate, or rather these climates, for the weather is so changeable, that there are five climates every day.

*G.* There is a high climax to ascend before your mental vision can penetrate the dazzling horizon of the inventive genius of this people.

*T.* Inventive genius! Have the genii of the Arabian Nights burst the seals of their receptacles to inspire this people?

*G.* Ha, ha, ha! What a contrast with the Muses of Pieria, are those hobgoblins of Moslem fancy! Do you think civilization has been forwarded by the light of Aladdin's lamp?

*T.* Those tales are read throughout Christendom. I have an English translation of the masterpiece.

Do you pretend that it has no influence over the youth of America, while it is read by them with so much delight?

*G.* What is the moral tendency of those tales?

*T.* The blessed law of polygamy, which is innate in man, the arbitrary sway of the husband, the better part of humanity, over his wife, the depriving woman of the means of education—the shutting her out from society, as she ought to be and must be. Such are the teachings inculcated by that holy book.

*G.* If civilization and the arts and sciences were dependent on such teachings, how would they advance?

*T.* Civilization! What are its advantages?

*G.* Let the cities of America, smiling above the ruins of the Indian wigwams, picture to you my answer! Whence came the influence that led the Anglo-Saxon race to such glorious results? Have not the precepts of the Bible, inspired with courage, pioneers in the western wilderness?

*T.* What has become of the cannibals that formerly ruled this land? Did your Bible frighten them away?

*G.* A partial abuse of the Scriptures cannot detract from the advantages of civilization.

*T.* Let us cut the chain of dogmatical argumentations, lest our long-sheathed scimitars should issue to cut short our speech-pipes!

*G.* (Aside.) Circumstances and locality cause the scimitar of Mohammed's disciple to rest in its sheath! (Aloud.) Well, Tenbel Effendi, your religion made us draw the sword, and wield the wild-fire. This fact is well known to you, so let us not stimulate our conversation any longer with religious points. I wish to bring you out respecting the social sphere of this people. I am anxious to know who and where was that romantic female being, that was so fascinated by your beard.

*T.* (Sighing.) Well; Philologist Sophologistatopantachouperiplanomenos, we agreed to sheathe the

scimeter and extinguish the fire of religious dispute; and now, recalling to mind such events, take my heart and cast it into the flames! It is the destiny of the Turks to be burned, either by the fire of material things, or by the eyes of woman. I tell you, my friend, it happened in this very city of Washington, where, no doubt, noble blood must flow, for here, where the representatives of the nation are assembled, must be also the essence of the nobility of these realms. One of the first native grandees invited me to a ball. On entering the room, the whole mass turned their eyes upon me, as if I were a ghost. Some whispered, some smiled, some gave a serpent stare, and others, being affrighted, concealed themselves among the crowd. My noble friend took me by the arm, very awkwardly, and, having broken through the crowd, made me known. It was to me a novel way of announcing a guest. I was embarrassed, I blushed, my lips and beard trembled, while my name, Tenbel Effendi, was given to every man and woman, married or unmarried, that occupied the corners of the large saloon. Many females, as light as a shadow, approached me and questioned me respecting Constantinople, which they appeared to know better than Mussulmans, Greeks, Jews, Armenians, and even the Drogmans. They puzzled me in many particulars, in regard to the Hippodrome, or Atmeidan (horse-race ground), the Mosque of St. Sophia, the tombs of the Sultans, the Seraskir's tower, Pera, Scutari, the Phanar, the reservoirs of Bing Dirék (thousand columns), the Golden Horn, Topkhana (arsenal), and many other localities, which made me clap my hands and press my lips, for many minutes, astonished that females should know so much of those places, without having been there. One of the maidens, well loaded with questions, and blessed with a profusion of red ringlets, charming, indeed, to the eyes of Musulmans, (Cupid seemed sporting among them,) her eyes being blue, and as restless as the gazelle's; her eyebrows like bows, and

their lashes like arrows; her form possessing the plumpness, so prized by true Islamites, and the naz, peculiar to the Circassians, (I don't know the English expression,) began to examine the materials of my dress, and expressed a wish that the Americans would adopt such a beautiful, manly, and dignified costume! She asked, in addition, if all the Musulmans wore the beard, and whether they all have black eyes and black beard, Roman noses, and bushy eyebrows! She had read in Lady Montague's works, the description of the Turkish female costume, as worn in the Harem, and she wished to see the American ladies assume the same graceful dress. Her eye was perpetually fixed on me. She quoted from Byron, the account of the Muezzin which announces to the Mohammedans the hour of prayer, shaking the minarets to their foundation. She told me how delightful she should be to roam where such scenes are transacted. Her mentioning this, made me sigh, for I had not heard that solemn voice for thirty-two whole moons, though the shapes of the American steeples, at a distance, console me by their resemblance to the celestial towers of the mosques. All these things convinced me that her heart must be on fire, and that it could be Mohammedanised. I was shocked as she was suddenly snatched from my side, by a button-hole-clothed youth, in tights and busts, who led her in the giddy dance.

G. How did you like the idea of men dancing with women?

T. I prefer to see two bears dancing, than to see a man, hardly able to move his limbs, clasping a lady by the waist, and turning like a windmill! What pleasure is that?

G. It is the forerunner of marriage.

T. Can no person be married in this district before he has learned to dance?

G. Rarely, but romantic appearance often surpasses such accomplishments.

*T.* But I see that I am not the only beard-wearer in America.

*G.* As *you are* a genuine offspring of Asia, the source of beard-wearers, you will probably become the introducer of this Oriental fashion among all classes of the New World. Some trouble may arise from the barbers, but this people can be easily pacified. (Ironically.) Thus, before you quit the country, you may secure an immortal memento of your popularity, and perhaps this will contribute to get up an excitement, and lay the basis of a new uniform sect, on this continent, professing Mohammedanism!

*T.* For your faith's sake, Philologist Sophologistatopantochouperiplanomenos, do you really think there is a probability of a support here, for two or three Dervishes, an Imam and a Munedji-bashi? (Chief Astrologer?) Paris has an establishment of the kind, I think, and as the people here begin to philosophise, I would form at New York a Koran Society.

*G.* (Ironically.) That is a noble conception; but you had better, Tenbel-Effendi, in the first place, provide for the building of a new Damascus Sword Manufactory, on the North River, if you can get a license, then, as a benefactor of your race and religion, take this advice, inform your lord in Stamboul, that, in order to make alliance with these Ghaours, they had better be, a portion of them, first initiated into the doctrines of him who made the camel to speak, and caused the moon and stars to follow him.

*T.* Mash Allah! Mash Allah! You Greeks, though we nourished you as a frozen generation of vipers, among us, yet you often have given us many good advices. Be ye sure, Sophologistatopantachouperiplanomenos, you will not be forgotten in the days of my prosperity. I thank Allah that I met you here. My dreams are about to be realized.

*G.* But, Tenbel Effendi, to open the way you must first marry one of the daughters of this people,

and she will probably give you wiser admonitions than myself. Women here are the pillars of religious and benevolent societies; novelty moves them like a magic wand.

*T.* I truly see that you are my bosom friend, and of such men we had not a few among us, when you were our underlings. Our best admirals were from your race; our best physicians, dragomans and pashas were of Greek origin. Besides this, you know, you are from the same clime with me.

*G.* (Aside.) Now he is playing the Turk. He acts the fox instead of the lion, to forward his views. (Aloud.) Well, Tenbel Effendi, as I am interested in your destiny, do tell me the sequel of your intercourse with that auburn-haired lady at the ball.

*T.* When that snuffer-shaped fellow took her from my side, a thousand evil thoughts entered my head, and my hand rested on my yataghan, at the sight of the beardless coxcomb who waltzed with my charmer. Every thing around me looked green. At last, to my astonishment, he returned her to me, panting with fatigue, and her cheeks flushed. She saluted me cordially, and begged I would excuse her for quitting me. My smile, and my right hand resting on my heart responded to her wish; but a sad and ever-memorable accident occurred shortly after. She was gracefully tripping before me, when, stooping to loosen the ribbon of her light dancing slippers, she made a false step, and in falling seized the tail of the shawl which formed my turban, drawing it off entirely from my head. The force of the action caused the cavouk, or skull-cap, to follow it and spin like a top across the floor of the saloon. It was hustled about for some time before I knew where it was. In the meantime my shaved head was exposed to the curious eyes of the dancers. A tremendous laughter burst from every corner, at seeing her prostrate, and me empty-headed. I heard them with a Sardonian smile whispering repeatedly, "See his shaved head." My fair friend, in stumbling, had tripped me a little,

so that a painful period elapsed before I could regain the skull-cap and the turban. The curiosity of the company to examine the make of the articles, detained me still longer. The girls surrounded me like swallows. In addition to these hindrances, some gold pieces in the folds of the shawl were scattered over the floor, which the ladies kindly picked up for me. You know that we say in Turkey, "There is no love without thorns." These difficulties must be borne smilingly. The trials which I experienced would have riled my spirits under other circumstances, and made me resent the insult, but the presence of the auburn ringlets calmed me and the smiles of assurance that were reflected on me from that sweet face, caused me to bear it with equanimity. Had this accident occurred with any other woman, I would have challenged the nobleman who brought me there, where such strange customs existed, and met him in single fight on horseback, in the open field. As luck would have it, he proved to be a cousin of the lady whose innocent slipping caused roars of laughter to resound from the men, and smiles to flash from every fairy-like female.

G. Did you unite with them in laughing?

T. I could not but laugh, when an elderly lady, smiling, offered me my skull-cap, which she presented to me as they do in our clime a bowl of sherbet. At this juncture, the music struck up a march, and the crowd began to move in a circle, two by two. I looked at my friend, the nobleman opposite, for instructions how to proceed. Suddenly the arm of my admirer was locked with mine, and she and I began to march around the room like yoked cattle. From my being unused to such promenading, I was unable to keep time with my divan slippers on. One of the musicians, looking over his shoulder, sung out, "keep time, gentlemen, keep time." I made awkward manœuvres, but found myself either too fast or too slow, my feet interfering constantly with those that marched behind and before me. My fair attendant piloted

me twice around the saloon, which was full of whippers, that were now and then drowned by the expression of some hearty laughter, and then turned our course down the stairway, towards the refreshment saloon. I wore my yellow slippers, a mark of nobility among us, you know; and as I shuffled along, pushed by the hungry crowd, one of my heelless slippers in descending was loosed, and sent tumbling down stairs. While extricating my arm from that of my consoler, to pick it up, a gentleman of large dimensions and of indescribable haste trod on the heel of my other slipper, and caused me to make a somerset to the bottom of the stairs. (Surely the influence of an evil eye took possession of me.) I deprecated the hour that I was introduced into a place where the customs and manners were so different. My skull-cap and turban saved my head from being severely bruised, and the triangular amulet my mother placed on it. The slippers were handed to me, and I entered the saloon, which was decked with every form of eatables. There were cakes, oysters in every style, Virginia thighs of the hogs (domush), sweetmeats in form of castles, mosques, pyramids, crosses, crescents, ships and persons, some of them representing Turks. In a few minutes, my fair friend, like a meteor, penetrated the crowd, and coming near me repeatedly asked me, are you hurt, Tenbel Effendi, are you hurt? I smilingly answered, No. She then offered me an oval piece of sugar cake, which she called a kiss. She asked me if we had such things in Turkey. I answered, "those only which are manufactured by the lips." This answer made her bite her rubies, and for a long time her eyes were fixed on me. She slipped from one of the sugar mosques the crescent, and gave it to me, accompanied with a note, which she had just penciled, in the following terms: Tenbel Effendi, I was delighted with your company, and am glad to have gained so much information from you respecting the Orient. My father's family will be gratified to receive a visit from you. (Signed) Cleo-

patra Byrkissver. This was in warmth quite unlike a Turkish billetdoux, but the permission to call upon her was a freedom such as you know is never enjoyed by lovers in Turkey. The crowd retired to their homes, and I, attended by my noble friend, returned to my hotel. I went to bed, but I was not in bed; my soul was not there; my inflamed heart was with her. Her image was ever before me.

G. Did you forget that you were a Mohammedan, and that she belonged to the faith, so much abhorred by your nation?

T. Mohammed's religion allows us to select our wives from any nation, provided they behave.

G. Your case is truly romantic. A lineal descendant of Saladin, the weapon of the faith, destined to marry a daughter of the New World! Hasten, I pray, to the result.

T. Her family and myself made visits among their friends, and I might say, I was the lion of the day. I walked with her, she walked with me. In the garden, we strolled together, and, to my astonishment, as the proof of her learning, she carried under her arm a book of the language of flowers, as understood in the Orient. "I know," said she, "that you are well versed in the language of flowers, as all Orientals are." She now and then read pieces from the English poets, some of which were translations from Charon.

G. You mean Anacreon. Charon was the ferryman of the dead.

T. It was Canarion; you are right. Greek proper names cannot be remembered by me, except those of warriors. Thus, all our delicate emotions and thoughts were mutually communicated, in this silent language. Not being acquainted with the marriage customs of this country, I went home, shut myself up, in my room, and waited several days for a proxy. Every knock at the door, echoed hope into my heart, that the messenger was coming to negotiate our union, in the oriental fashion. Thinking that I had, per-

haps, mistaken the customs, I called upon her, as usual, and was asked by her why I had not called for so many days. "You are quite a stranger," said she. I replied, "That my dove was all done for your sake." "Why, Tenbel Effendi." "Because, after so many months attachment, I naturally expected a proxy from your kindred to arrange the betrothal." She answered this announcement by a hearty laugh, and exclaimed with much animation, "My dear sir, this is not the American fashion, in settling such matters." "Pray," responded I, "light of my eyes, what is it?" "Let any American gentleman, of your acquaintance, inform you." "American gentleman inform me!" said I to myself, pressing my lips and shaking my head. I immediately called upon my friend, the nobleman, and, calling him aside, requested him to inform me how I should gain the hand of the desirable being. He asked me, smilingly, "Does she love you?" "Yes." "Are you sure?" "I am." "Does she favor others?" "I am the only favorite. There is no doubt she loves Turkey and the Turks." "If that is the case," said he, "I will tell you, though here, the young men, and especially the young ladies, study such things out, and act them in their own way. The parents and relatives seldom, very seldom, interfere. When you see that her affections are really concentrated all on you, if you are sitting on the sofa, with her, kneel on the carpet before her, recline your neck on your shoulders, fix your eyes on her, and ask her to have mercy on you. As often as she drops her handkerchief pick it up and give it to her, and make as many prostrations and selams as your heart permits, for women are different here; we consider them not soulless, but to have more than one soul. After this exercise, seek her hand. If it is given, and she acknowledges that she loves you, all is well. Don't be bashful, but show the real dogged, Turkish resolution. That's the whole process!" 'This advice made me murmur; is love, in this country, represent-

ed with prostrations and picking up of handkerchiefs? With these instructions, I called upon her again. I took a seat at her side, presented her a bouquet, prepared under my directions, the stems of the flowers of which were held by a diamond ring, which had been given to me by my best mother. Her father and mother came in and saluted me as if I were their son, and made a few observations and compliments, saying, repeatedly, "Make yourself at home, Tenbel Effendi, don't be a stranger." The daughter exhibited the bouquet's ring, and was greeted with bursts of admiration. At this crisis, lo! a young man entered the room, who was so loquacious, that I could say nothing. I waited some time for him to finish his gossip, but he went on, from the history of the singular scenes that occurred at the late ball, to that of the battle of Navarino, and then moving his chair towards me, said, in an emphatic tone, that the right arm of Turkey had been severed. He annoyed me indescribably, but, wishing him to end his tale, and get out of my sight, I did not answer him. Waiting, in vain, for his departure, I took leave of my lady, and went to my hotel. The next morning I received a pair of slippers, embroidered with gold crescents. The next afternoon I called again on her, well exercised in the instructions given to me by the nobleman. I was received more cordially than ever. The ring was praised; her friends were delighted with it. As usual, the daughter and myself were left alone in the parlor, though I was often annoyed by some whisperers at the doors. After a few words had been exchanged, I asked her how she would like to visit Constantinople? "Oh," said she, "I should be delighted, Tenbel Effendi, truly delighted! Do you think of going there?" In a short time. Seeing her so desirous to visit Constantinople, and feeling that her heart was wholly given to me, I invoked Allah and knelt before her. I clasped my hands, and fixed my eyes upon her in a pitiable manner. She com-

posed her lips, blushed, and looked at me very soberly, with moistened eyes. Myself smiling, and shedding big tears, and following the nobleman's injunctions, requested that she would have mercy on my soul—protesting that I had been tormented many moons, for the acquaintance of a being endowed with such charms and accomplishments. Her answer was, “Tenbel Effendi, I have taken a deep interest in you, and I love your country, for its noble associations, but allow me to ask you, ‘Are you a Christian?’” That question made me wipe my tears, and leaping up in an upright position, I asked her, “Do only Christians love?” She drew back slightly, and having her hands clasped, fixed upon me her tearful gaze, and responded, in a low tone, “I asked it on account of my parents.” I then departed, supposing from her tears and sighs, that she sympathised with me. I went home and reflected on the consequences. I loved her, I loved my country, my religion, my kindred, and the realms and climes of the Mohammedans. But, friend Sophologiotatopantachouperiplanomenos, a celestial prompter, in a fearful dream, bade me not surrender my love for all such home attractions. Thus I went again and acknowledged to her my abjurations of Mohammedanism. She appeared delighted with my change of belief, and every Sunday I accompanied her to the place of worship. As my costume and foreign appearance attracted the people there more than the eloquence of the preacher, and all eyes were fixed on me, she asked me, if, now being a Christian, I would not consent to cut off my beard. I did so. In a few days she earnestly requested me to assume her country's costume. I yielded. Every thing went on well, and I began to send her costly presents, such as Persian cloths, beautifully wrought; ornaments in mastic, bracelets, perfumery, and gold-wrought head-dresses. I provided her with the costume of the Harém, with which I waited upon her to balls, parties and tableaux. Every body seemed to envy our prosperity. But in the midst of

this felicity, I received orders, by a firman, to return home. With trembling step I proceeded towards the house of the conqueror of my heart, and communicated to her the sad news of my departure. I put to her the question whether she would accompany me. She answered me, that this could not be at present, as her family had just received news of the death of a near relative. "Then," said I, "God has not been pleased to give an end to our anxiety, such is the will of my fate. I leave you, oh light of my eyes, I leave you, Cleopatra, but my soul will always be with you. Constantinople calls me away, but let heaven bear witness, if life is preserved, that I shall return to you. Sad was the scene of our separation. I kissed the hand of the father and mother filially, according to the oriental custom, shook her lily hand, and departed. At this moment, every thing around me was dark, reflecting on the past and the future. On leaving the door I turned my dim eyes back, and saw her at the window, in a weeping attitude. A prosperous voyage, during which I recovered my beard, and resumed my native costume, brought me back to Constantinople. I was cordially and honorably received, both by my friends, and by the Sultan Mahmoud. He appointed me an officer in the fleet. Two years had elapsed, and not a day passed without my heart beating violently, with the hope of returning to America. At last I found the opportunity to return. I sold my estate, and one night, in the dress of a Frank, whom I bribed to sell me his passport, I embarked on a French vessel, bound for Marseilles. Thence I sailed for America. Sweet was the hour I trod again the soil of this country, after my long voyage. I came to Washington, and inquired for Cleopatra Byrkissver. I was informed that she still resided in Washington.

G. Pray *continue*. It is *extremely* interesting.

T. I am tired, mind and soul, recalling such thrilling events, so let me, for the sake of your Faith, rest now, and I will finish on some future occasion.

*G.* Pray forget not your promise, at our next meeting, for I am indeed much interested in such affairs. I was never enveloped in such love perplexities; they are very instructive to me.

*T.* Believe me, in the bonds of our friendship, that your curiosity will be gratified; for such things are only made known to friends and fellow countrymen.

*G.* (Aside.) The Turk calls the Greek his fellow countryman. The late war, with you, will decide that matter.

## SECOND DIALOGUE.

*Here the Turk, after thirteen years had elapsed, meets the Greek under the portico of the Parthenon, at Athens.*

*Turk.* Excuse me, sir, I should like to say a few words to you in private. Are you, I pray, the same person whom I met several years ago in a distant country?

*Greek.* What country? China?

*T.* No.

*G.* Australia? Greenland? Patagonia?

*T.* No.

*G.* Mexico, Hindostan, Sandwich Islands, Liberia?

*T.* No. Its capital begins with waw.

*G.* Waw, waw, waw, Waterloo, Warsaw?

*T.* No.

*G.* Washington, the capital of America?

*T.* Mash Allah, (bravo) you have it! Excuse my forgetfulness; it is a name which, for thirteen whole years, I have cast into the stream of oblivion.

*G.* What, the city of Washington was cast by

you into the stream of oblivion? I thought you were naturalized there.

*T.* This proposal was made to me, but they could not change my nature.

*G.* Wonderful! while the Americans have changed even the nature of hyenas, and often associate with lions and tigers. Did the wife you got from there accompany you?

*T.* (Sighing, and patting him on the shoulder.) Do not mention it.

*G.* I have often thought of your prosperity, and have given a full account of it to the great entertainment of my friends, in this city.

*T.* Would to Allah that I never had attempted to visit that country! My life, my blooming age, my soul, and my gold, were consumed, for one of its female charms. I might have had the being whom Heaven had allotted me, if I had not been ordered to Constantinople, by a firman from the sultan.

*G.* What, Tenbel Effendi? Did they deprive you of the beautiful and accomplished Cleopatra Byrkissver, concerning whom you have given me in Washington such a touching and glowing description? Were you not a Turk I should have forgotten such events, but their impression is deep in my mind, and often have I been desirous of having a second interview with you, to know the happy sequel. I have taken down in short hand all the previous circumstances.

*T.* You remember then all that I have said, and where I left off when we separated thirteen long years ago.

*G.* Yes, as if it had been related to me this very moment.

*T.* What mnemonical bumps these Greeks have!

*G.* You said that you arrived in Washington and heard from your friends that she was still in the city. Did you call on her that very day?

*T.* That very day? that very moment, running like a Tartar on a royal message.

G. Were you on horseback?

T. No, I trusted to my feet.

G. Were your wishes consummated and your sacrifices rewarded?

T. Let us stop here. Such recollections are too sad. I love, my good friend, to satisfy your curiosity, but these are not consoling recollections, so permit me for our friendship's sake not to proceed any farther.

G. Tenbel Effendi. Do you know, that in your country and in your Sultan's dominions, the story-tellers never begin a narration without telling the whole of it?

T. But friend, Sophologiotatopantachuperiplanomenos, do not number me among the story-tellers.

G. By no means, Tenbel Effendi. My desire is to learn the nature of love and whether woman is ever faithful.

T. Faithful, *indeed*, *very* faithful, but men, cruel men, often nullify this faith, by falsehoods, and embitter the hearts that they deceive. Oh injustice, injustice!

G. Had I trials of my own I would relate them; I should console myself by disburthening my mind of the pressure of thought. Conversation with a trusty friend alleviates mental suffering.

T. My heart and soul are clouded.

G. Compose your mind and open the fount of your memory.

T. It is not that these events are out of my command, but my feelings and their existence deny me the power of expression. I was, truly was, a lover, a devoted lover; listen then to the remnant of my misfortunes and not my prosperities. I went to the house; I pulled that brass thing, which they have by their doors there. Nobody came—I pulled it *again*, and *again*. At last who but—but—she came and opened the door, holding an *infant* in her arms! She looked steadfastly at me, as if she were viewing a ghost. Myself, senseless, was thrown on the sofa. When I recovered I saw only her mother and sister

standing before me. I looked at them attentively, begging that they would excuse me. "My Tenbel Effendi," said the mother, "is it you? are you among the living?" I answered, "it has pleased Heaven, after myriads of perils and dangers, not to make me forget your house—but alas! how melancholy is my fate! Where is Cleopatra?" The mother answered, why Tenbel Effendi, Cleopatra is now in another's possession, and cannot see you. "What, said I," in *another's* possession? Were not my sacrifices enough to satisfy her, and *you all*, of my constancy and true pretensions?" The mother replied, "Why, Tenbel Effendi, we never suspected your sincerity, but we had several letters, one after the other, that you had died of the plague—others that you were beheaded for having changed your faith—and others still, that you had been burnt by the Greek fire-ships. For a whole year, my daughter wailed and was in affliction and mourning. We wrote to Constantinople and received full conviction that you were no more in the land of the living. All this induced my daughter to yield to the suit of another. She has been married one year and a half. Thus, Tenbel Effendi, I have related faithfully the truth!" Saying this, she requested me, as a friend, not to forget to call at their house. I afterwards learnt that all those letters had been forged by a former lover, who is now her husband. I left Washington that very day, shaking the dust of my shoes, and went to New York. I took passage thence for London, with a perfect indifference for woman. I devoted all my time in frequenting the best literary institutions and conversing with learned men. I visited Paris and studied medicine. Although I regard the physician's profession as a philanthropic department of action, nature told me that I had not penetration enough to see into the diseases of man; I therefore never pretended to practice.

G. Well Dr. Tenbel! to what then did you devote your time, since I saw you in America?

*T.* To the study of the philosophy of languages.

*G.* What do you mean by the philosophy of languages?

*T.* Not only the construction and the utterance, but how to adapt them to the amelioration of society.

*G.* Of all languages, which you have studied, which do you consider to have contributed most to that end?

*T.* Of the living or of the dead languages?

*G.* Of the dead.

*T.* The Greek.

*G.* Why not the Latin?

*T.* The Latin has been used as a medium of diffusing Greek ideas. That stream could not exist without its fountain. Latin is every where the harbinger of Greek.

*G.* What philosophical answers! Dr. Tenbel, you must have been a hard student.

*T.* You, sir, Sophologiotatopantachuperiplanomenos, first stimulated me in the pursuit of the arts and sciences.

*G.* I rejoice in having been instrumental in directing you in the path of true fame. Do not you think you might do a great deal of good to your country? Why then do you remain among us?

*T.* The name of Athens, her associations and her freedom attracted me hither. When I was in the Universities of Europe I received such an admiration for your classics, that I resolved to spend the remainder of my life at Athens, the city of Demosthenes and Socrates.

*G.* How can you be a true Mohammedan, to have your bones mingled with those of another race?

*T.* My name, but not my heart is Mohammedan now.

*G.* You know, Dr. Tenbel, that a classical scholar, as you are, can appreciate better the race which to a Mohammedan appeared so degraded, and as the offspring of servitude.

*T.* Disgrace to our nation! But all this must be attributed to profound ignorance. There is respect for you in future. The descendants of Demosthenes, Plato and Homer, offsprings of servitude? But these erroneous accusations against you are past.

*G.* In the colleges of Europe did they teach you to pronounce the Greek language, as the modern Greeks do?

*T.* They ridicule your mode of pronouncing it, but you have also many advocates.

*G.* Many come among us with such prejudice, but we send them home initiated and converted. They might say the same of your language, if you should let them study it by themselves.

*T.* (Laughing and shaking his head.) I heard them pronounce the Arabic so Germanlike, that I could not recognize the words; but your pronunciation of Greek is accused as being monotonous, from the frequency of *ee*. You are therefore called Jotacists.

*G.* You know that the Greek had five dialects, and each dialect wrote that sound either with *α*, *η*, *ι*, *ο*, or *υ*. We see traces of this on ancient inscriptions and in the testimony of historians. In the augmentations and other variations of verbs, and in the various spellings of nouns, the reasons of the change can be found only in the laws of the modern pronunciation. Look at the mistakes of the ancient sculptors, who being led by the sound only confounded all those letters which we pronounce *e*.

*T.* But you do not conform to the sound of some animals. For example, Aristophanes represents a fool walking and bleating like a sheep, expressing his cry by the syllable *εῆ*. Here the sheep refute you on two letters.

*G.* The Greek language being euphonical has no sound of *b* or *ê*, consequently Aristophanes' syllable is only an approximation.

*T.* What? has not the Greek natural sounds?

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G. Not those that are in the mouths of the beasts, especially those of the mutton family.

T. Pray, let us be serious. Adduce for me some philological proof that the modern Greeks pronounce their vowels correctly.

G. Of Diogenes the Cynic, is related a pun, addressed to a thief who was carrying away the garments from the public baths, at Athens, and who, on being questioned as to where he was going, replied, ἐπ' ἀλειμᾶτιον (I am going to get oil). Diogenes asked in reply, ἐπ' ἄλλ' ἱμάτιον. This phrase was pronounced like the preceding, but means, "are you going after another garment?" In this case, if ε and εῖ had not the same sound the pun would have been without force. The pun also shows that λλ and λ in rapid utterance, had the same sound. In the spelling of Pausanias and others, we find,

|        |     |          |       |                         |
|--------|-----|----------|-------|-------------------------|
| ἐνδνος | for | ἐνδοῖος, | pron. | entheós, th as in the.  |
| φλοῖαξ | "   | φλύαξ,   | "     | pleeaks.                |
| οἶδνον | "   | ῖδνον,   | "     | eéthnon, th as in the.  |
| δρύτη  | "   | δροῖτη,  | "     | threétee, th. as in th. |
| βυβλος | "   | βῖβλος,  | "     | veévlos.                |
| ἐμοῖο  | "   | ἐμεῖο,   | "     | emeéoh.                 |

The sound of the word λοιμός (loimós), was, like that of λιμός, otherwise the Athenians would not have doubted whether the oracle of Delphi meant plague or famine. The plural number of words, derived from the Greek, in the Latin language, which in the Greek are spelt with the diphthong ου are written with ι, mythi, anthropophagi, &c. We find, also, in the same language the diphthong εῖ changed into ι, Liturgia (λειτουργία), Solicismus (Σολεικισμός), Nilus (Νεῖλος). Apollonius says there is no difference, in sound, in the words, σιοῖβω, στειβω, σιλβω. Among the most ancient of the Athenians the ε and αι were confounded, as,

|           |     |           |       |                        |
|-----------|-----|-----------|-------|------------------------|
| τιδαί     | for | τιδέ,     | pron. | teethay, th as in the. |
| γά        | "   | γαῖα,     | "     | yaah.                  |
| Ἀθηναῖος  | "   | Ἀθηνέος,  | "     | Athenáyos.             |
| Τιμοθαίου | "   | Τιμοθέον, | "     | Timmothéyoo.           |

On the island of Scio is found a stone, on which was written the word εὐσεβεία (Evseveeash), ευσεβηα. This favors the modern Greek pronunciation, which sounds ε and η alike. It shows that the ancient sculptor was led by the sound, and not by the rules of orthography.

T. These facts are very convincing about most of the vowels and diphthongs. I have to try you on a more important point.

G. Allow me to give you *more*, sounded, not by beasts and fools, but written and spelled by those whose genius is your admiration. Plato tells us that the ancients used ε for η in the word ἡμέρα. The most ancient Greeks called the king or βασιλεύς by the word βαλήν (pron. valleèn).

T. Why, the Turkish word, for master or king, is βαλή, from which is derived the word, Roomvallesseè (the Roman kingdom).

G. How were you taught to pronounce it in your language, pray?

T. Βαλή, certainly.

G. What if the western professors should say, you Turks pronounce your own language wrong, and you should call this word *Balais*.

T. *Balais*? that is the French word for broom. In that way they would make *brooms* of our kings, would they? What a sweeping idea! This *Βαλή* must have been introduced into Asia, at the time of the conquests of Alexander the Great. It favors the Greek mode of pronouncing the β and η, veeta, eeta.

G. This is not all, for among the ancient grammarians, some wrote

|          |        |           |                        |
|----------|--------|-----------|------------------------|
| νηλητεῖς | others | νηλιτεῖς, | pron. neeleeteés.      |
| σκέπινος | "      | σκέπηνος, | " sképpeenos.          |
| σκήρος   | "      | σκήρος,   | " skeéros.             |
| σκηπίων  | "      | σκιπίων,  | " skeepeéon.           |
| ἦκω      | "      | ἱκω,      | " eéko.                |
| ἦδε      | "      | ἰδε,      | " eethéy, th as in the |

I have now laid before you sufficient quotations in regard to the various representations of the sound, e.

Permit me, pray, to mention a few more proofs concerning the pronunciation. It is asserted that the Greeks pronounced the consonants beta, gamma, and delta, as the Romans did. This, however, does not prove that the Italian pronunciation of the dead Latin should be substituted in the living Greek, for a pronunciation handed down from antiquity.

On the Egyptian pyramids, we find the name Darius, spelt with hieroglyphics, which correspond to the letters Ntroush. Now the modern Greeks, in giving a representation of the foreign d employ nt. As Greece was colonised by Egyptians, and down as late as Aristophanes, the comic poet, we find them numerous in Greece, why should not the popular pronunciation of the Greeks have been much like that of the Egyptians? The Egyptians must have exerted an influence in forming the pronunciation of the popular dialect before Homer, and this influence must have ceased before the time of our Saviour, when Egypt and Greece fell beneath the Romans; yet we find on the pyramids a spelling which tends to prove that the same pronunciation now exists. The spelling Nt for D shows that the Egyptians had no D in their language, and it is doubtless accounted for, just as in modern Greek, from the fact that soft th is substituted when the same word is Grecised. Those, then, who argue from history, that the modern differs from the ancient, must reject a great mass of monumental testimony. They must give the lie to inscriptions that have braved the storms of two thousand years beyond the oldest historical manuscript! History is often defaced or corrupted by interpolations, but monuments are beyond the reach of counterfeiters.

On a very ancient Greek inscription found on Scio, *Μηροδογος*, the name of a distinguished person of Scio, is spelt with the *ο* instead of *ω*; this shows that it was cut either before the introduction of the long vowels, 410 B. C., or that *ο* still held the place of *ω*.

*T.* I am astonished at these historical facts; but how can we reconcile accent with quantity?

*G.* That is a great question, often debated without any satisfactory result. However, reason and nature, I hope, will aid us in developing this perplexing subject.

*T.* I contend that the stress of voice is guided by the vowels; that it falls on the penult in all dissyllables, and that in polysyllables it falls on the penult, if long, and on the antepenult, if the penult be short; the same rules hold in Latin.

*G.* Such rules exactly suit the Æolic dialect, from which a great part of the Latin is derived; but if they are to be applied to the other four dialects, the accentual marks are useless.

*T.* Their use, as most western philologists think, is lost. Some, however, suppose that they distinguish words, others that they are of modern invention, to suit the modern Greek stress of voice.

*G.* You forget that the manuscripts taken from Herculaneum, disarm our opponents, by bearing accentual marks.

*T.* Others think them guides to the motions of the hand, in keeping time, because the ancient rhapsodists carried a stick.

*G.* Ha! ha! ha! This is a striking idea.

*T.* Others still regard them of the same use as the Chinese tones, which are six notes of music.

*G.* There is a Babylon of notions among you, respecting them.

*T.* Therefore we make no use of them, except in writing.

*G.* How do you pronounce the term for *man* in Greek?

*T.* Ἀνθρώπος (Anthropos).

*G.* Where is the accentual mark?

*T.* On the antepenult.

*G.* Where do you place the spoken accent?

*T.* On the penult.

G. The penult? How do you accent the genitive?

T. Ἀνθρώπου. On the penult (Anthrópoo).

G. Here, in the genitive, you coincide with us and the written accent, but in the nominative you disagree with both. Your grammarians teach that here the written accent is drawn forward, because the penultima is long, and thus you acknowledge that your accent differs from that of the Greeks. Why do you not then accent the syllable, which bears the mark?

T. Because it would injure the quantity.

G. But the same words had different accents in different dialects; and yet those words held the same position in a metrical line; therefore the accent was not regarded as a violater of quantity. The Greeks found no difficulty in reconciling accent with quantity.

T. But accent lengthens a syllable.

G. If that be true, your accent violates quantity, in all words of two syllables, of which the first is short, and in all polysyllables, where the antepenult receives your accent upon a short vowel.

T. I would then answer that in poetry, probably the accent was disregarded entirely.

G. Let us not fly from the first question—let us try an experiment to prove that accent does not injure the quantity. Let us take for illustration a language which is now studied throughout the globe—the English. Does the accent make the first vowel in the word *mitigate* as long as that of the word *meteor*?

T. Truly not, but that is one instance only.

G. Let me give you other instances then.

|        |          |
|--------|----------|
| very   | vary     |
| merry  | Mary     |
| carry  | careless |
| punish | puny.    |

Here both receive the accent, and yet the difference in length is very perceptible.

*T.* Are not the unaccented vowels necessarily shorter than the accented ones?

*G.* Which is the shortest, the u or the i in punish?

*T.* I can detect no difference—for truly we do not say pu-nish, but punish.

*G.* The long may be accented or unaccented and yet fully distinguishable—for example, freehold, here we do not say free-hölld, but freehōld, the unaccented ō being as long as the accented ee. Thus it is fully proved that the Greeks can reconcile their accent with the metrical quantity. The word ῥόνος, the Greek word for accent, is another term for vigor or force, and it therefore very aptly denotes the stress of the voice. It cannot however nullify the quantity by lengthening it. Let an anvil be struck by a hammer—the stroke given by the arm is the accent, the strokes which are imparted by the bounding of the hammer are exactly in time with the heaviest stroke, for as the rapidity decreases in the exact proportion of the distance the sound occupies at each diminished bound, precisely the same time. In like manner, in a polysyllabic word, as for example, “liberty,” ì è and y are equally timed. In order to contract the two modes of pronouncing, let us repeat some Greek passages. Let us try some of Homer’s Hexameters. (*Turk reads.*) *G.* Is this the ore rotundo that Cicero and Horace attributed to the Greek language? Should the prominent sounds of any language be αῖ οῖ αυ? Do all the classic scholars pronounce so?

*T.* Only the English—the others have a different twang.

*G.* How is the French?

*T.* It is nasal—I will give you a specimen. (*Reads.*)

*G.* This then is Parisian Greek! Give us now the German, or rather the Erasmian reform, so called.

*T.* (*Reads.*) Such is the pronunciation at Berlin.

*G.* Here we have then the Dutch Greek. Erasmus pretends to have reformed a pronunciation,

which he acknowledges to have been once lost. Were the ancient tones frozen and then thawed out? Or were the buried words whispered by the same reeds that betrayed the ass-ears of Midas? On the same principle all history and poetry which have been lost may be reformed and brought to light. Let the students in Greek spend less time on the *time* of a word, and improve their time better in learning its *signification*. The length of a word is nothing compared with its meaning. What care I about the learned disputes whether the quantity is right, provided I give the accent and intonation used in conversation? An hour spent in learning a truth is better than years devoted to a stumbling-block of error. Let a scholar who reads the Iliad not boggle about the quantity, but pronounce as the Greeks do, and go ahead! Accent is the life of reading, let him follow it, and forget not to reflect more upon the ideas of Homer than upon dactyls, spondees and caesuras. By the way, a caesura in the middle of a line is practised in all poetry, both accentual and quantitative, and that destroys the monotony of the drawling sing-song reading of such as are enslaved to dactyls and spondees. The use of dactyls and spondees was not to determine the accent of reading, but of song, just as in English the metre of singing varies from that of reading. It is not likely that the laws of language have undergone any serious change since the days of Homer. The modern Greek manner of reading the Iliad is assuredly harmonious, and fully in keeping with the *Ore rotundo* as described by Horace, who grants this peculiarity, to the Hellenic, of being round-mouthed or as some would have it, bell-toned. The practise of measuring a verse by equal timed quantitative feet, is like that of measuring by equal-timed accentual feet. In either case the accent may vary from the measure. Such is the case with the verses of Byron and Homer. I hope to live and see the time, when my native language will be pronounced throughout the globe as it is beneath the

architrave of the lofty Parthenon. Let the scholar be relieved from the dry acquisition of rules of quantity, and advance in the understanding of those ideas which ennobled the mother of the arts and sciences. There must be a revolution in the mode of teaching Greek. The teacher should lecture to the student upon the authors and the subjects of which they treat. A dry giving and hearing of lessons is calculated to create in the pupil a distaste for literature.

*T.* Well, well, Philologist Sophologiotatopantachouperiplanomenos, my curiosity has been amply gratified, and my enthusiasm greatly increased to devote more time to its study, and I wish I were as well equipped as you are with arguments to defend the pronunciation of the language of your fathers.

*G.* Pray, Dr. Tenbel, let me place the subject before you in a more striking light. When the Greek neck was at the mercy of our successive tyrants, the Greek tongue, in the west of Europe, was at the mercy of the most absurd notions. The nations of Western Europe, whom that tongue nourished with civilization and refinement, instead of appealing to the cotemporary Greek Attic authors, as authority for the sound of this beautiful tongue, quarreled with one another in the most puerile logomachies imaginable. By the repetition of the most scurrilous and abusive epithets that could be heaped on the living Greeks, the system of Erasmus gradually gained vogue. It however met opposition, and we will give a specimen of the reception of this system in England. I must quote it, as it is, to show the warmth of the venerable old Chancellor of Cambridge more than three hundred years ago—(1542). "Every man," says the enthusiastic Chancellor, "whatever may be his literary pretensions, who adopts the reformed or Erasmian method, is to be considered a blockhead; if a member of the Academic senate, (a professor,) he is to be expelled; if a candidate, he is to be denied of all honors; if preparing for college,

he is to be refused admission; and finally, if a lad, he is to be soundly whipped and sent home."

*T.* The modern Greek pronunciation is certainly the most agreeable to the ear, as it was acknowledged in the presence even of Erasmus, where the sounds of thirteen languages were confounded.

*G.* I am glad to have met so worthy an antagonist on the much disputed question of Greek pronunciation, but this is not the essential part of the legacy of Greek genius. Have you in your researches of the world's literature directed your attention particularly to the direct agency of the classics, in the spread of civilization and free principles?

*T.* In the Universities of Europe the professors and lecturers are not very explicit on this point; they confine themselves chiefly to verbal and historical commentaries. They are scholiasts; they seldom touch on the moral of the Classics, and even then with fear, on account of the Argus-eyes of royalty that are ever fixed upon them. Since, however, I have taken up my residence at Athens, I have listened to the lectures in the University of Otho, where the moral of the Classics is brought distinctly before the view of the student. Who could read Homer, Demosthenes, Sophocles, Plato and Aristotle, without feeling himself a freeman equal to kings and emperors? The feelings and actions of men and the very operations of nature are represented to us in such vivid and supernatural colors, that we cannot but be fellow-actors. The page of Grecian literature is opened, by the friends of freedom, as a door to refinement and social progress. Vices and virtues are presented in their natural contrast, and leave the sensible man to make the choice of those whom he will serve. Their productions were not written for Greeks alone. They were written for the Romans, the Goths, the Barbarians of Europe and Asia, and lastly for the New World.

*G.* Who do you think are the best actors of the Grecian principle of freedom?

**T.** I know not—the continental Europeans use deep study, but shallow practice.

**G.** You ought to have remained longer in America to see how they have put in practice, on a larger scale, the Amphictyonic League.

**T.** I remained there long enough to understand the manners and customs of the people, but I was displeased with the virulence of party spirit.

**G.** They are a free-minded people—one opinion should not occupy the whole ground.

**T.** But do not you think that too much freedom of thought makes men the slaves of excitement? The Americans excel the ancient Greeks in asking questions. Demosthenes complained of the Athenians, inquiring, "What news?" The Americans nourish their minds daily with news, as regularly as they take their meals.

**G.** This characteristic of that people should not be judged by us as a vice. It keeps them on their guard against demagogues, and enables them to conclude for themselves what contributes to the prosperity of their country. Their sons are sent to Europe, not only to perfect their knowledge on some subjects, but to watch also the movements of the Kings. The pens of these travelling freemen depict the variegated diplomacy of the day. These heralds of republicanism disturb the ears of monarchs.

**T.** But do not you think that this bold interference causes the Kings to strengthen the chains of their subjects?

**G.** Nations, long corrupted by title-bearers, must reach the acme of oppression before they gain courage to strike for liberty.

**T.** You have now, Sophologiotatopantachouperiplanomenos, undoubtedly your nation's case in your mind; but you must remember that neither the situation, the spirit, nor the condition of the people of Europe would permit them to take up arms against royalty. Your nation had to deal with an ignorant enemy, which being immersed in luxury, never

thought that by its clement policy it was rearing its own destroyer.

G. Your nation was far superior in the knowledge and resources of warfare, but the education transmitted to us by our progenitors, made us strike deep and sure against the vultures that preyed on our vitals. Can you deny us patriotism, when, instead of surrendering to the enemy in repeated instances, men and women with unanimous voice, whole communities offered themselves as holocausts on the altar of liberty, in those grand explosions of fortresses and ships, that dramatised before the eyes of Europe, the answer to the perplexing question, "how can the blessings of liberty be obtained?" So my friend, every country of Europe must have a Tyrtaeus and a Thrasybulus to rouse them from their lethargy.

T. But remember that you had your fellow-christians of Europe to sympathize with you and inspire you to revolt.

G. Inspire us to revolt? Every means was used by them to discourage our very existence. All the Christian poets seemed to invoke their *muse to aid them* to sing the degeneracy and degradation of our race. The European kingdoms and republics plundered our monuments, burnt our libraries, and to the year 1715 held possession of a part of our country. Their classical scholars having no originality to produce words and sentences of their own, borrowed from the pages of our forefathers and lashed our bitter existence. Thus you see, Dr. Tenbel, that we were the *manufacturers* of our own independence.

T. As regards the sacrifices your nation made for liberty, I was an eye-witness. I saw your Patriarch at Constantinople, fall without a murmur, beneath the executioner. I saw thousands of conspirators beheaded in the streets, meeting the death-blow of the executioner with a smile. I saw the daring of your land-soldiers, and the supernatural intrepidity of the leaders of your fire-ships. But the question

arises, "Would the other nations of Europe disregard *death* for freedom, with the same alacrity as the Greeks?"

G. Why not, if Freedom prompts them to revolt?

T. The Kings of Europe have fortified themselves so strongly by science, by destructive inventions, and by diplomatic alliance, that they can soon check any revolt. The fate of brave Poland vouches for the truth of this assertion.

G. Vainglorious autocrats! What do they accumulate while on earth, but perpetual stings of a guilty conscience; fears and torments for injured honor? Unfortunate mortals! I would rather be a sufferer of human injustice, than have chance and usurpation place on my head a crown! Let the autocrats of the world learn that Democracy rewards a gifted mind with its command, and if they were men of sense they would abandon their golden thrones for the easy arm-chair of a President! Let us, Tenbel Effendi, open the page of history and read the lives of the Autocrats, Tiberius, Claudius, Caligula, and others. Let us view the destiny of their courtiers, who acquired so much power and favor by upholding an abominable despotism. None of them shall we find happy. No man of sound judgment would envy their station in life. Must I repeat other instances? But you have read, criticised and reflected, and you know the condition of tyrants. Let enlightened opinion spread her wings over the world, and republican principles will be admired and adopted by every nation.

T. If I ever had a spark of patriotism in my soul, now it is excited by you! I see through the mist of diplomacy. I behold my nation's power tottering, but on deep reflection I perceive that a democratic government can be established in Turkey, because her population, being composed of various nations, resembles in that point that of the United States. The Greeks are the most numerous, powerful and industrious; the Turks easily yield to gentle

innovation, as we have experienced ; the Armenians and Jews are peaceful and wealthy, and are beginning to favor education; and the Albanians are brave and memorably fond of learning. All these races will serve to retard, and perhaps bar the advance of Russia, in case England and France are not crippled, too soon, by that terror of the North.

*G.* Dr. Tenbel, you must know that influences, which lead to such results, have already begun to operate. The Sultan, as I see by the papers, has appointed the classical Emir Pasha, who graduated with high honors at Cambridge, in England, as head of twenty thousand schools after the European system.

*T.* Emir Pasha introducing the Grecian Classics among the Turkish youth ! Here is already a forerunner of the annihilation of Mohammedanism. I feel an earnest desire to participate in this glorious work of reformation.

*G.* Go then to Constantinople, friend Dr. Tenbel, go and offer yourself, as a classical teacher, and time will open the eyes of your countrymen to the reason of their being caressed by kings. Thus will they learn the true principles of government, and pave the way for republicanising the Orient, and cause that vast brotherhood of nations, with a unanimous voice to enthrone liberty on Mt. Taurus !

*T.* Friend Sophologiotatopantochouperiplanomenos, be not too sanguine ; you are like the Americans, whose watchword is "go ahead." Political change in Turkey requires the experience and trials of half a century ; we must undermine the ignorance that binds the inhabitants of those wide extended regions. Not till then can we venture to whisper to them the blessings of democratic government. Your nation, like a torch, placed in the central watch-tower of the Old World, the anciently originated democracy, whose light, by domestic discord, and foreign insult and rapacity, has been two thousand years buried. Your people has lately, once more, aroused its powers, and

snatched the torch of democratic freedom. You, despising to be dependent on the great powers, who wished to render your king absolute, resisted the hydra of diplomacy, and forced your king to sign a constitution. This victory should be employed to give a fresh impulse to the plough, the hammer, the loom, and the keel. True democracy is a source of peace, and not of bloody conquest. It is a brotherhood of nations, laboring for the blessings of morals, peace and education. Let the Greeks give a bright example of their improvement—let them consider that the liberty and prosperity, which they enjoy, is granted by the God of peace and harmony, who has surrounded them with monarchies, whose interest is in nursing the strength of Greece. Let your nation be a shining light, and certainly the Mohammedans will appreciate and envy their neighbor, and shape their own policy by hers. The new democracy, which Turkey must gain, is that of Lycurgus and Solon, attended with Christian peace, not that of Julius Cæsar. A republican government does not require mercenary soldiers, nor a diplomatic alliance. It belongs to the people, and they are its pillars and its defenders. But, looking into the future, I can see that Democracy would give to the Greeks a great preponderance over the Turks. Thus the country, through the majority of votes, would fall again into your hands. The Greeks, being earlier practitioners of national politics and better linguists, for electioneering, would gain the favor of the Jews and Armenians, and even that of the Turks, to put them into office.

G. The Greeks might, for a season, keep ahead of the Turks, but the spread of education, and the exciting of emulation for superiority, (since democracy favors only talent), would open a door for the Turks, and the other races, to preferment. I see your patriotism and diplomatic mind.

T. I perceive that, by your plan, Turkey is to be Hellenised over again. Her lot has been cast be-

tween avaricious powers. She is the apple of discord. I see that your patriotism and philanthropy contribute well to the interest of your nation. But my nation is destined to become the prey of some race or other; so I prefer to see her land governed by the unanimous voice of the whole people than to fall into the hands of emperors. I therefore pray Heaven to grant me life to devote to the education of her youth—nothing I desire, on earth better, than to see our efforts meet with the hoped result, and then let fate cut the thread of this existence.

G. If Turkey can obtain one thousand such patriots, she will be saved from imperial harpies. Then will the tide of civilization roll to the borders of India, and break through the wall of China, not battling with the sword of legions, but with the spear of argument. Greece and Turkey were the rostrums where the only confederates of democracy first deliberated, and here the spirit of commonwealths *must* rise, like a delayed Phoenix, from the ashes of two thousand years. Reflect, my bosom friend, on the virtues and errors of the past, and the brilliant popular destiny, which will cause your endeavors to shine even to the realms of immortality.

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ERRATA.—Page 25, 6th line, for acquaintance read acquisition; p. 33, line 19th, for pleekaks read fleekaks; p. 34, line 2d, for evseveeah pronounce efsayveeah.

# THE ENTHUSIASTIC GREEK SOLDIER ADDRESSING HIS WEAPONS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK BY A. G. ALEXANDER.

My smooth and cutting scimeter resplendant !  
 My dark and burning gun, beloved attendant !  
     Come on, the Moslems scattering ;  
     The tyrants forces shattering ;  
     With blood our freedom nourish ;  
     And you shall ever flourish !

Amid the lightning's flash, the thunder's roaring,  
 The tempest-whistle, and the torrents pouring,  
     O'er mountain passes, hovering  
     I go the foes discovering,  
     Whose blood our land shall nourish,  
     Sword, ever mayst thou *flourish* !

When, sword, I see, o'er thee the purple gushing,  
 And when, my gun, I hear thy bullet rushing,  
     The Turkish dogs we're falling on,  
     And Allah they are calling on,  
     Such music only send me,  
     Live on, sword, to defend me !

The hour has come, the trumpet notes are sounding,  
 And wildly through my *veins* the blood is bounding ;  
     The roaring guns *are flashing*,  
     The ringing swords *are clashing* ;  
     The miscreant Turks are routed,  
     And "long live Greece" is shouted !

Yes, by the holy Patriarch of our nation,  
 Gregory, who fell by base assassination,  
     While tears flow from their fountain,  
     And I can climb the mountain,  
     I'll march on, burning, slaying,  
     But never for quarter praying.\*

\* See the collection of the Greek popular songs published at Andover, by the author, in the Essay on the Ancient and Modern Greek languages.